

His Punishment.

BY E. L. R.

Cecil Etherege stood leaning over the rustic fence down by the roadside, waiting for Madge Warren to meet him as she had agreed to do, exactly at half past eight of that lovely autumn night.

It certainly was a lovely night, as cool moonlight nights in September always are, out in the sweet, pure, quiet country.

It was almost as light as day, and a soft wind was stirring about in the trees, and Mr. Etherege was thinking how enchantingly fair Madge would look in that silvery moonshine, with her pretty fair face and dancing blue eyes, that had created such sad havoc, not only in his heart, but among numerous others of the sterner sex, who had come under the influence of the girl's joyous laugh and witching ways.

Cecil Etherege stood leaning against the pretty rustic fence that bounded the domains of the Warren estate, in the centre of which stood the large, old-fashioned, roomy mansion in which Mrs. Warren and Madge lived, and where, in summer time, there was always a house full of city boarders, among whom, this past season, had been Mr. Cecil Etherege, whose black eyes had looked decidedly tender things in Madge Warren's blue ones, and who had more than once told her how dear she was to him.

Madge had been very happy all that blessed summer season, and Mr. Etherege had made up his mind that before he went away he would ask her to engage herself to him, and to be ready, when another summer time came, to come to him as his bride.

There was not a doubt in his heart that possibly the girl might not care for him as he did for her—not even the shadow of a doubt—except when he thought of Philip Trevor, the handsome, dashing young fellow who had several times called on Madge, in whom he seemed to be greatly interested.

Only when he thought of Mr. Trevor, and the way Madge openly delighted in his attentions; for, to tell the truth, the girl was a natural born coquette, if ever there was one.

How could she have helped being one when every day of her bright glad young life gave added proof of the power of her wilful winsomeness, her sweet, girlish beauty, her dainty, merry ways, over the hearts and heads of men.

But notwithstanding Philip Trevor's pleasant attentions, notwithstanding that he was handsomer, richer, more eligible in every way than Cecil Etherege, the girl's heart was as steel to her first lover, and all the flirtations in which her soul delighted had not the slightest power to lessen her love for him, or his influence over her.

To-night, in his white dress, with dashes of cardinal ribbon here and there, and a fleecy white shawl thrown gipsy fashion over her head, Madge Warren made as fair a picture as ever stirred a lover's pulses as she came up the dewy path, holding her snowy skirt daintily in her firm little hand, and Cecil Etherege's heart gave a great throb of delight, and his black eyes shone as he hurried forward to greet her.

"I was sure you'd come, Madge, because you wanted to know what I had to tell you, equally as much as I wanted to tell you!"

He tucked her unoccupied hand under his arm, and they sauntered down the road in the moonlight.

"I suppose I might just as well have seen you alone in the house somewhere; but, then, I wanted just such a nice, quiet time as this. Madge, I am going back to the city next week, you know."

She looked at him with her lovely eyes. "Yes, I supposed you were," she said, frankly; "and I am so sorry. It has been the most delightful summer I can remember."

He pressed the round, white arm that lay against his side.

"And has my being here made it unusually pleasant? Madge, I never lived until this past summer. Madge, darling, it is you who have taught me what love, and hope and happiness mean. I want you for my teacher always, if you love me as I believe you do. Madge, am I right? Do you love me as I believe you do. Madge, am I right? Do you love me? Oh, my darling, you must know I worship you!"

The silvery moonlight showed him a flush of exquisite happiness on her fair face that was more eloquent than words.

"I am right! Madge, you will be my dear little wife? Madge darling, say 'Yes!'"

The little word came almost under her breath, but the lover's ears heard it, hushed and whispering as it was, and he stopped in their slow walk to take her in his arms and kiss her, and place on her slender finger a glittering amethyst ring.

"See how confident I dared to be, little girl," he said, as he pressed his lips to the ring, as it lay like a drop of sunlit dew on her fair flesh. "And I can always be equally confident of you, can I not? Madge, promise me you will not let Mr. Trevor pay you any further attention. You can't tell how bitterly jealous he has made me, time and again, when I felt I dared not interpose. But now, dear, you will promise me?"

And Madge, laughing, radiant in her new happiness, gave him the promise, the promise she was morally unable to keep as is the wind from

blowing, and that before twenty-four hours she had broken, and she penitently confessed to Cecil Etherege, who, gloomy-eyed and lowering brows, had seen her early defection.

"I love you just the same, Cecil—just the same; but I can't help being gay and merry with Mr. Trevor, for he is so nice, only you are so much nicer."

But somehow jealousy had taken possession of Cecil Etherege's heart as it never had done before, and the loving, artless words of the girl he worshipped failed of their intended assurance.

"You shall not receive Philip Trevor's attentions, Madge. Can you not see that the man is in love with you? Can you not understand his devotion to you is death to me?"

And then the girl had crested her head with a haughty little posture, and looked at him.

"Cecil, please do not speak in that way to me. Is it not enough that I have told you that I love no one, care for no one, but you? Mr. Trevor does not deserve that I should cut him, or refuse his kindly attentions. He is not in love with me, Cecil. There is no harm in anything I have done; but you must not speak so to me, dear."

She stood twisting her beautiful amethyst ring as she spoke, her blue eyes shining, her lovely lips half smiling, half pleading, and Cecil's conscience suddenly assured him, and he caught her to his heart and kissed her.

"If you only knew how this accused jealousy stabs and thrusts, and kills, in its horrid pain, Madge!"

Then he left her, and she went up to her own room, where the bright moonshine lay in broad silver banners on the floor, just as it had lain the night before, when she had come home, the happiest girl in all the world, with betrothal ring caressing her finger, and her lover's kisses warm on her lips.

She sighed as she took off her ring and laid it on a little nest of blue zephyr on her dressing-table; and sighed as she took down her lovely golden hair; and when her fair cheek pressed the pillow, and the sweet blue eyes were closed in sleep, there was still an occasional faint sigh on her lovely red lips—a sigh that was a cry of painful surprise in the morning when, at the first glance she sent from her bright dewy eyes to the spot where her treasure lay, she saw it was not there.

Strange as it seemed, impossible as it seemed, her ring was gone!

She searched everywhere, almost in a panic.

She left no available or unavailable spot unsearched; and then, with strangely mingled feelings of astonishment and grief, and superstitious alarm and distress, she was obliged to accept the mysterious fact that it was gone.

"What will Cecil say? What will he think?"

She dressed slowly, almost dreading to go down stairs to meet him.

And while she was arranging her toilet, Cecil Etherege and Philip Trevor were standing on the veranda—Etherege white as death with rage and hate in his black eyes, as they glared at a ring that was glittering and glowing on Trevor's little finger—an amethyst ring, the very counterpart of one he had given to Madge Warren.

"Was it the same ring, in his blind jealousy, did his imagination lead him astray? He made a desperate effort to ascertain calmly."

"That's a handsome ring, Trevor. If I'm not inquisitive, what did it cost you?"

Mr. Trevor laughed, twisting it until its rays seemed to dazzle and mock Cecil Etherege's eyes.

"I really couldn't tell you," he answered lightly. "It was a present, and only that, it don't do to tell tales out of school, old fellow, I might add it was from the prettiest girl you'd ever want to see, and there came the sweetest sort of a kiss with it, too."

Etherege turned sharply away, his face white as the linen he wore, and went into the parlor and directed a servant to ask Miss Madge to come down at once.

They were several awful minutes he passed, waiting to know positively if it was his ring Madge had given away, and when the girl came in, almost timidly, he saw at a glance that the ring was not on her finger.

Almost fiercely he seized her slender wrist.

"Where is it?" he asked, in a hoarse whisper.

Madge paled under the wrath in his eyes.

"Oh, Cecil, you hurt me! Indeed, indeed, I am sorry, but I have looked everywhere, and I cannot find it."

He flung her hand angrily from him.

"You wretched, treacherous flirt! You know well where to look if you want it. You know well it is on Philip Trevor's finger. Curse you, for the way you have fooled me between you!"

"Cecil, Cecil, don't! As sure as I live I lost it!"

He laughed harshly.

"Do you suppose your word is worth that?"

He snapped his finger wrathfully; then, when she pressed nearer him, he cruelly, madly pushed her back and went out of the room.

An hour later, when Madge lay on her bed, moaning and crying from combined misery and indignation, Cecil Etherege was on his way back to the city, morose, moody, burning with jealousy and rage, vowing never to trust a woman again, since beneath

Madge Warren's sweet face and heavenly blue eyes lay concealed such depths of treachery.

And the days and weeks, and months went on. Summer came again, and fled on sunny, fragrant wings; and yet again. And still Cecil Etherege could not forget the blue eyes of the girl he had loved so well.

In those years there had been ample time for the fires of rage and passion to burn themselves out; and at last, one lovely autumn day, when memory was busy at work, Cecil Etherege found the impulse upon him to go down to the country where he had been so happy and so miserable—the impulse that was too strangely strong to resist.

And he found himself there, on one of those self-same glorious moonlight nights that reminded him so keenly of the happiest time he had ever known.

In all those years he had heard never a word of Madge Warren.

He might have heard often, but that at first he would not allow her name to be mentioned in his hearing.

He had not heard of Philip Trevor. Him he hated with undying hatred still; while for the girl he had loved, the anger and jealousy had long since subsided into something that, of late, he discovered was pity and regret, two emotions very akin to the old original feeling.

The moon was at its highest and silverest as he walked down the familiar road where he and Madge had walked that night, three years ago.

It seemed as if he remembered every stone, and shrub, and bush; and yonder was exactly where he had waited for her that night, when she had come to him in her white robes, looking like some angel of beauty.

And his heart gave a throb that for a second suffocated him.

There she was now, as sure as fate itself, leaning over the fence, in the moonlight, her sweet face and thoughtful, her lovely eyes drooped, her fair arm supporting her golden-crowned head.

Madge Warren, beautiful as ever, girlish as ever, bewitchingly fair and graceful as ever, and waiting—heaven grant it, perhaps waiting for him! Perhaps she had waited so many and many a time in those past summer nights, in the fond, patient hope of his coming when his anger had cooled.

Ah, women, loving women, were so constant and true, so patient in their silent waiting and the girl had loved him so.

He quickened his steps. She heard them. She looked up.

"Oh, Mr. Etherege! can it really, really be you?"

Was there glad delight in her tones?

He pressed eagerly forward, his eyes shining, his heart throbbing.

"Madge, it is I, come at last, in penitence and remorse, and greater love than ever before, to have you hear my confession, and beg you to forgive me!"

She extended her slender, beautiful hand, on which the amethyst ring glowed.

"I freely, fully forgive you."

He saw the red glow of the ring, his ring, that he had so cruelly accused her of giving to another; that, after all, had been lost innocently, and found again, and worn, in her sweet, fond trusting, for this time that has come to them at last.

He saw the jewel gleam, and a great ecstasy throbbed in every vein.

"Madge, my only love! I am not worthy of this. I am not worthy that I should find you here, in this dear old trusting place, tender and true, and waiting for me to—"

The lovely blue eyes opened widely.

"Mr. Etherege, hush! What have I said that you should speak so? I merely told you I freely, fully forgave you, as I did long ago. As for you finding me here, it is so natural you should know it to be my favorite place, where, every night for a year, I have waited for my husband, Mr. Trevor, for whom I am waiting now."

Her even, unimpassioned words fell like icicles. He stood dazed by the sudden shock, while she continued, calmly—

"If you will wait a few minutes you can see Mr. Trevor, and he will tell you what you did not before believe when I told you three years ago, that I lost the ring you gave me, and which, to this day, I have never found. In all probability it fell and rolled into some inaccessible crevice. The amethyst Philip wore—this one, was one his sister gave him, and which, six months after you left us, I accepted as my engagement ring from him. That is all, Mr. Etherege."

And whether or not she meant it as a dismissal, he accepted it as such, and got himself away.

A Chicago milk man recently went out to serve his customers. He drove from door to door without descending from his wagon or making any sound to attract the attention of the people he had been in the habit of serving. A policeman seeing him sitting in his vehicle, with reins in hand, shook him, thinking he was sick and needed rousing. It was then discovered that the man was dead.

What is more disagreeable to a lady than to know that her hair not only lost its color, but is full of dandruff? Yet such was the case with mine until I used Parker's Hair Balm. My hair is now black and perfectly clean and glossy.—Mrs. E. Sweeney, Chicago.

A thrifty housewife thinks that men ought to be useful. They might as well be smoking hams as cigars.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR AUG. 22, 1886.—LESSON EIGHTH.

Explanatory Notes by Rev. John Hall, D. D., LL.D., of New York.—From The Sunday School World—Subject: "Warning to Judas and Peter."

Our lesson falls into three sections. The first deals with Judas. Then comes a word of loving direction to the disciples. This brings us to the warning of Peter.

Our Lord had given the company an explanation of his washing of their feet, but He cannot forget the crime meditated by one of them. He is "troubled in spirit." These things are doubtless mentioned to show us how truly Jesus was a man. He doubtless showed his emotion by his manner. "Verily, verily," we commonly find introducing a solemn statement. He is using means with the betrayer, and at the same time preparing the rest for the issue. On recalling all these words how deep must the impression have been on their minds that He knew all and could, if it had seemed good to Him, have evaded his enemies.

V. 22. The perplexed disciples looked in grief and pain at one another, uncertain, of course, to whom He referred.

V. 23. John was nearest to Him, reclining next, and in confidential talk, leaning over on him. He does not, however, name himself, but gives a description in which he must have delighted.

V. 24. With the energy that marked him, Peter made a sign to this disciple to ask of whom he was speaking. This is another illustration of the family-like life lived by Jesus and the disciples.

V. 25. Leaning back so as to touch his bosom, he put the question probably so as to be heard—though this is not said—by the company. Jesus

(V. 26) replied that he would show by dipping a piece of bread in the dish of fluid or bitter sauce and giving it to the person meant. This was more than a sign to the rest. It was an appeal in another form to Judas. "Here thou art at my table, my friend, my guest. Canst thou turn upon me as an enemy?" It was a final appeal. It brought him to decision, and a bad decision. He was free to go or stay; but he was a slave to sin. Jesus knew what he would do, and meant no doubt that he should be so parted from the company. He had "been troubled in spirit," not only because of Judas' personal folly and baseness, but for another reason. Here was the nucleus of his kingdom, and in it is the agent of Satan, the representative of the powers of darkness. How could the holy soul of Jesus feel other than indignant mingling with grief? Hence the solemnity of this scene—the "testifying," the bearing witness, the "verily, verily," and the emphatic and pronounced way of giving the sop, described by the other Gospels as the writers were impressed by it.

V. 27. The last appeal is disregarded by Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon, carefully distinguished from Jude. "Iscariot" is apparently the word for man of Kerioth (Josh. xv, 25), and was apparently applied both to father and son. The result is his complete possession by Satan, who inspires and uses him now as his instrument. Jesus knew this, and hence His language—"That thou doest, do quickly." He was straitened till the baptism be accomplished, and He desired the false disciple to leave the company. How like the evil decision which many a soul makes without the steps of the process being known to even intimate friends! But Jesus sees it all. Crime, ruin on a number of a family, is sometimes a sad surprise to the rest, but Jesus has seen every step of the downward way.

The disciples did not understand, but thought one of two things, as we see by vs. 28, 29. It may be incidentally noticed that apparently the feast could not yet have properly begun, since they surmised Jesus might be giving directions to "buy those things we have need of against the feast." Perhaps this throws some light on the much-discussed point—was Judas at the first communion? Giving alms was a common accompaniment of the feast with the Hebrews.

V. 30. Whatever may be thought on this question, the narrative is clear—"he went immediately out." It was night in the sky. How dark night was also in the guilty man's spirit!

V. 31. The foreign and hostile element is now gone. Jesus is with the faithful disciples, and free to utter the feelings of his heart. So he speaks of the great interest in hand and of the bright side of it. He passes for the moment over the humiliation. "Now is the Son of man glorified." So faith in a human soul leaps over the death agony, and rejoices in the hope of the glory of God. The Son of man was glorified by his resurrection, ascension and the gift of the spirit through him—all near events. And this is to the glory of God. It shows God's faithfulness, power, mercy, justice and infinite resources.

In John xvii, 1, 4, 6 we see the meaning of this and of v. 32. God will glorify the Son in himself, giving him the throne of the universe ("all power is given unto me," Matt. xxviii, 18), and fulfilling the promises of Ps. ii, 6-9, and Ps. cx, 1-7, which see.

V. 32. Telling the disciples that "yet a little while," probably meaning till his ascension, he would be with them; then, as he told the Jews, they would be parted from him in the body. This is mentioned to prepare for the words of

V. 34. Many a parent has said on a death bed, "Children, I am to leave you. Be united together in love." So Jesus exhorts the disciples to much love to one another as he had shown to them. The old, familiar commandment was "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Here is a new standard—"As I have loved you." That is higher far than "as thyself." Jesus sacrificed self for them. So were they to do it for one another. By this they would

(V. 35) prove to the men their discipleship to him. (See his prayer to this effect in John xvii, 20-21.) Here is a hint to ministers and teachers. What they exhort hearers and pupils to do they are to pray that God may help and make them do. In some sense this middle section is like a dying charge to his family. Now we come to the third—warning to Peter.

V. 36. We have already seen the greater forwardness of Peter to speak. He asks, "Whither goest thou?" If Jesus had told him he would have understood it. Jesus had told him in words. He was going to the cross, to the grave, to the unseen world, to the state of the dead. So he replies, "Whither I go," etc. It is expressive—"thou shalt follow me afterwards." All this was true of Peter. He was crucified, according to all the light we have as to his end, went into the grave and the state of the dead, the unseen world, as Christ did. (He did not go into the place of punishment or preach to the men in hell—a presumption that Christ did not.) Peter's impulsive nature again appears. He speaks as if he understood Christ to say he had not now the courage to follow him.

V. 37. He does not understand why he cannot then follow Christ. He is thinking of Galilee or some distant place of safety, and declares as proof that no inconvenience or hardship would deter him—"I will lay down my life for thy sake." All this is of course a rapid report of the conversation. Much more was said, as we see in the other Gospels. Each evangelist gives what rested on his mind, and addition is not contradiction. Christ replies with the solemn "Verily, verily," to show Peter how little he knew himself, how near and great the danger was, and how

much alone he, their master would soon be—"before the crowing of the cock, before morning, thou shalt deny me thrice." How truly did Jesus tread the wine-press alone! Of his disciples even, not one was with him.

(1) Hypocrites must be looked for in the church; some from self interest, some from weakness, some from ignorance of themselves.

(2) Their presence is a check on free communion and mutual edification. So they are to be guarded against and, as far as possible, kept out.

(3) Nothing befell Christ by chance. All was on a plan and all was clear beforehand to his mind. He was acting as God's "righteous servant."

(4) Jesus was a true man, with human sympathies, affections and human shrinking from sorrow and pain.

(5) How much importance he attaches to brotherly love, and how high is the model set before Christians! No commandment like this could have been given till now.

(6) How many successors Peter has in over sanguine, over confident professors! What need we all have to be prayed for!

A Rat Catcher.

A gentleman, hearing a noise in his yard, went out and found old Porter Clay, a noted politician, handling his wood.

"What are you doing there, you rascal?"

"You are, you scoundrel."

"Huh, calls me or rascal an' er scoundrel. White folks is er gettin' mighty elquent when dey wants ter 'buse a niggerman. Fust thing yer knows I'll hab yer 'rested for slander."

"Yes, and I'll have you arrested for attempting to steal my wood."

"Stealin' yer wood! W'y, I nobber thoughter sich er thing. Sood er rat run under dis wood an' I wanted ter ketch him. Kaint' keep from killin' rats, born dat way, but ef yer wants ter 'prive me o' dis heap pleasure, all right. Doan here now ef de rats eats up ever' thing on de place. Good day ter yer, sah."—Arkansas Traveler.

An Accommodating Judge.

There is in Idaho Territory a judge who is well known as "Alec Smith."

A woman brought suit in his court for divorce, and had the discernment to select a particular friend of her own, who stood well with the judge, as her attorney.

One morning the judge called up the case, and addressing himself to the attorney for the complainant, said, "Mr. H., I don't think people ought to be compelled to live together where they don't want to, and I will decree a divorce in this case." Mr. H. bowed blandly. Thereupon the judge, turning to another attorney, whom he took to be the counsel for the defendant said: "Mr. M., I suppose you have no objection to the decree?" Mr. M. nodded assent. But the attorney for the defendant was another Mr. M., not then in court. Presently he came in, and, finding that his client had been divorced without a hearing, began to remonstrate. Alec listened a moment, then interrupted, saying: "Mr. M., it is too late. The court has pronounced the decree of divorce, and the parties are no longer man and wife. But if you want to argue the case right bad, the court can marry them over again and give you a crack at it."—Texas Siftings.

Prof. Horsford's Baking Powder.

Mrs. A. A. Geddes, Teacher of Cooking, Cambridgeport, Mass., says: "I have used Horsford's Baking Powder for the last six months. I have tested it thoroughly, and have never failed to get good results when the directions were fully carried out. I consider it equal to any in the market, and second to none. I take much pleasure in recommending it to my cooking classes, and to my friends generally." 1 mo

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NOTICE

TO

TEACHERS

The Board of School Examiners of Henry county, Ohio, will hold meetings for the examination of applicants for teacher's certificates as follows:

In Basement of Court House in Napoleon, Ohio, on the 1st and 3d Saturdays in March and the 1st and 3d Saturdays in April and May, the 1st Saturday in June, July and August, the 1st and 3d Saturdays in September

and the 1st and 3d Saturdays in October, the 1st and 3d Saturdays in November, and the 1st Saturdays in December, January and February.

Evidence of good moral character will be required of all candidates. That evidence to be a personal knowledge of the Examiners concerning the applicant, or certificates of good moral character from some reliable source.

A. H. TYLER, MRS. SUGGESTED, PHILIP C. SCHWAB, Examiners. Feb 20-75.

J. M. HONICK,

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DEALER IN

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